

Now and then the curtains are drawn aside and you see the inside. This is one of the times when conflicting emotions and interests—and especially conflicting passions—throw the eternal triangle on the public screen where all may look—and then fold their mantles closely about THEIR own skeletons.

This is a story of life in Chicago's richest and most exclusive circles, as told by the parties themselves after their warring interests sent them into the public courts to complain each of the other.

It gives you a glimpse into Towers Court, the Chicago home of the Edward S. Adamses, and into their exclusive home on Deerpath avenue at Lake Forest, where so many of the exclusives have gone to draw themselves away from the crowd and live the exclusive life they foolishly believe leads to happiness.

Often in the great Chicago Tribune you have read stories of the infidelity of men and women. Few of them have had sufficient influence to get that newspaper to suppress the stories of what they call their private affairs. This story brings in the story

of a part of the private life of Robert R. McCormick, one of the publishers of the Tribune, a bachelor, a man born with a silver spoon in his mouth, a social favorite, a prominent man among men—and among women.

The other characters in the story are Edward S. Adams, Board of Trade man, first cousin of Cyrus H. McCormick, leader in business and social and club circles—and his former wife, Amie de Houle Iswin Edwards, who secured a divorce last March.

As always, the woman will suffer—and she is a woman just as other women, even though surrounded with wealth and luxury—and the story indicates that both men involved have the common characteristics of male human beings.

While this story has been on the wagging tongues of society gossips for months, it has worked its way to the public on the instalment plan. First, the action for divorce, brought by Mrs. Adams—with its picture of the drunkenness of the husband clubman, with his numerous cock-tails before dinner, his going to sleep in his chair at the table, food falling from his mouth—all this told to the court by the wife—truly a drawing aside of the curtain of exclusiveness.

Then a motion in court by the husband to have the divorce case re-

opened. Then the arrest of McCormick's chauffeur and a four-hours' grilling by Nick Hunt, head of a private detective agency. This followed by a suit for damages against McCormick by Frank Pizsa, the chauffeur, because of his arrest on a charge of taking commission on auto supplies bought by him for his employer.

But, preceding this last, was a praecipe filed by attorneys for Adams, forerunning a suit for \$300,000 damages for trespass. And finally the climax—the filing of a declaration in a suit for \$300,000 damages against R. R. McCormick by Edward S. Adams, the husband—who claims he was wronged.

And this declaration gives the other side of the story as told by the husband, who claims he was wronged by his friend, who had enjoyed the hospitality of the Adams family—in fact, made his home at the Adams residences in Chicago and Lake Forest.

Now Adams charges that his former friend made love to Adams' wife while living at the Adams home and enjoying Adams' hospitality. There is a lot of gossip concerning details of this social mesa, but The Day Book will hold its story to the charges made by the wife against the husband, and then by the husband